

THE
Dramatic and Literary Censor,
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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF
G. COLMAN, Esq.

IN the present state of mental culture and general diffusion of knowledge, we cannot expect to meet, whilst tracing the career of literary men, with those striking occurrences, and that spirit of adventure, which distinguished the earlier annals of the learned world. The means and opportunities of information are now so greatly multiplied, and so easy of access, that the votaries of science are no longer under the necessity of travelling into distant climes, and attending foreign seminaries to perfect their education. Our own native establishments are now thoroughly adequate to the purposes of instruction. Hence the record and biography of our modern literati, will most commonly be found to involve, as the principal and most interesting feature, a characteristic delineation, rather than a chequered narrative of marvellous and singular events.

It has frequently formed the theme of philosophical enquiry, whether, and in how far, a transfusion of *soul*, as well as of *animal spirits*, takes place in the act of human procreation. On the one hand it is strenuously contended by the advocates of the *Shandean* system, that the *homunculus** partakes not less of the intellectual than the *physical*

* By way of explanation, and in the hope of contributing no mean part towards the elucidation of this abstruse, but highly important problem,

physical complexion of the parent, and that *mental*, as well as *personal* resemblance obtains between the begetter and

problem, the editor offers the following extract from a truly philosophical and *Shandean* manuscript, which he had the good fortune to discover during a summer's ramble in the *Isle of Man*. As the work has never yet seen the light, he flatters himself, that the specimen he now presents, will prove an acceptable offering to his readers. Its unknown author has christened it by the title of *Physical Sketches of Man*; or *A modest Peep at Human Nature, in puris naturalibus*. After some needful preliminary remarks, on the vast importance of the enquiry, and the sources from which he draws his information, the writer proceeds thus:

"And now the first question that suggests itself would naturally be this; "What was I, Peter Pillgarlick, *in principio, et ab origine?*"

The answer, kind sirs, is curious enough; "A simple drop!"

A modest answer, truly; and yet, my good friends, in no wise so humiliating as some of you may at first be tempted to imagine. Can your Alexanders; your Cæsars; your Williams; your Georges; your Frederics; your Leopolds; with the whole list of mighty emperors, kings, princes, demagogues, and heroes, say more for themselves? Were they any other originally than so many *drops in the bucket*?

"But whether *all drops are simple alike?*" This, my friend, is sheer another question.

For my part, I should imagine not.

"But why not?"—the reader may possibly make answer—"a drop remains after all but a drop; and talk about it as much and as long as you please."

That I rather doubt, begging the reader's pardon. On this point I cannot altogether agree with him. One drop shall contain a hundred little worms, or *animalcula*, if we may credit the evidence of the microscope. Another contains a thousand and more. Again, one drop is pellucid and clear; another dark and muddy; one has a salt, the other a sweet flavour.

All depends, kind reader, upon the component parts of the said drop; depends upon the nature of the spring whence it originates; the character of the soil on which it falls.

With respect to myself, I cannot, at this distance of time and place,

and the begotten. "How else,—they demand, with an air of conscious exultation,—how else can you account for it,
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place, take upon myself to analyze and ascertain these component parts. I cannot precisely determine, whether the drop which laid the foundation and corner stone of my human existence, was generated from the quintessence of good *old English roast beef*, or of mutton; whether of cow's heels, lamb's fry, or trotter bones. But this I may safely venture to affirm, that full as much depended in my procreation upon the actual state of my father's health at the highly critical moment of my begetting; upon the texture of his nerves, his cast of mind, and the temperament of his blood.

For, that the component parts of the said procreative drop, or call it *homunculus*, in case the learned reader prefers a technical term, may be virtually and essentially better with one man than with another; may, for instance, be more spirited and noble; more refined and energetic; more firm and consistent with Peter than with Paul; or, *vice versa*, with Paul than with Peter,—the reader will doubtless perceive how extremely delicate and cautious I am of giving the slightest umbrage or offence,—all this, I take it for granted, no reader, of even moderate discernment, will question or dispute. Furthermore, he will readily conceive, and, being a man of candour, as readily admit, by plain argumentation, *a priori*, that upon the quality of the said drop, depends all and every thing in the life and future fortunes of the offspring therefrom begotten. And therefore, by the self-same rule, in cases where a confirmed *cacochymy* obtains with the father, it is no wonder if stupidity, languor, and a total want of tone and energy in the procreative system be transmitted to the son.

Now this, it must be confessed, is in very truth a hard case, and savours most plaguedly of the Mosaic dispensation, that the sins of the fathers should in this manner be visited upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation. How was I, whilst yet unborn, to warn my father against too free a use and indulgence of such and such viands? such and such liquors? such and such habits, practices, and pursuits, as might in their effect, have baneful influence upon his procreative powers? What opportunity had I of hinting to him, that before he proceeded to the work of my begetting, it would be expedient for him to conjure up such and such pleasing phantoms and re-

presentations

that our British females surpass all the rest of their sex, in loveliness and virtue?—Our British tars, the whole world in gallantry and honour?"

Without directly challenging the premises,—for where, indeed, shall we find the man, or set of men, who would have the hardihood to call in question, either the loveliness of our daughters, or the gallant bearing of our sons?—the *Anti-Shandeans* labour to invalidate the force of this argument, by seizing on it themselves, and causing it to recoil on its original employers. For this purpose, they reply to one interrogatory, by propounding another, and themselves become the catechisers in return. "If your hypothesis be true,—they make answer to their antagonists,—how comes it, that we see wise fathers beget stupid sons?—and, *vice versa*, wise sons come of stupid fathers?—How happens it, for instance, that the accomplished Lord Chesterfield, that very pink of elegance, was the father of a *sloven*?—that his Grace, the most noble Duke of *Slender-shanks*, that *minikin* of the human species! has a son, whose back and shoulders might contest the palm with an Hibernian chairman?—that her Caledonian Ladyship,

presentations in his mind? to give such and such a turn to his ideas? in one word, to put both soul and body in a proper train and fitness for the undertaking?

"But, supposing your father was not at the time in a humour for entertaining those pleasurable ideas you talk of?"

Why, then, sirs, my father had even better have let the work alone; better have waited patiently for a more convenient season.

For, believe me, friends, these considerations are far, very far from being matters of such trifling moment, as many of you may, peradventure, imagine. Nay, I will be bold to affirm, that the very weather itself may come into play on these occasions; and, trust me, I would not have been engendered during a thunder-storm, for all the gold and silver mines of Peru and Mexico!"

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dame *Carbuncle*, should, by giving birth to the beauteous *Angelina*, become the mother of the Loves and Graces? How happens it, finally, that the dignity of the peerage should be disgraced in the person of the M—— of —, and that a *moral outcast* should originate from one of the most honourable and illustrious families in the whole British Empire?"

To reconcile such jarring doctrines, and to square systems so diametrically opposite, is a task for which our humble abilities are ill qualified; neither, indeed, does it fall legitimately within our province and immediate line of duty. We leave it, therefore, to the casuists, *ex professu*, to determine this most knotty point, either by direct solution, or by having recourse to an intervening medium, founded on the principle of *bastardy*; and shall content ourselves with observing, that in the present instance, we feel rather inclined to side with the *Shandeans*. Taking it, therefore, for granted, that the parent communicates to the offspring a portion of *soul*,

Divinæ particulam auræ,

as well as of *animal* spirits, we shall only add, that in the present case, the seed fell not "by the way side," neither was it cast on stony ground, or where thorns and briars choked and obstructed its growth; but on rich and congenial soil, where it sprung up and brought forth fruit abundantly, even "sixty, and a hundred-fold!"

Mr. GEORGE COLMAN is the son of a gentleman, well known and justly admired in the literary world for his classical taste, and elegant productions. His dramatic writings are numerous, among which the *Jealous Wife*, and his *Clandestine Marriage*, (to which Mr. Garrick contributed but a very subordinate share) maintain a distinguished rank, and still class among the favorite stock-plays of the modern stage. Of his classical acquirements and

poetical

poetical talents, he has exhibited ample and convincing proof, by his translations of *Terence*, and *Horace's Art of Poetry*. He was allied to, and warmly patronized by the celebrated Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, who, indeed, exercised over him a kind of parental authority. This circumstance gave rise to a rumour, that he was, in fact, a natural son of that nobleman; but the fallacy of this report Mr. Colman has himself exposed, beyond the power of doubt, in the posthumous* narrative of his life, written by himself in the year 1787, and published by his executor, Mr. Jackson, of Lincoln's Inn, in the year 1795.

On Mr. Beard's secession from the management and proprietorship of Covent Garden Theatre in 1767, Mr. Colman became a purchaser, in conjunction with Messrs. Harris, Rutherford and Powell. But a violent dispute, relative to the active direction of the concern, soon produced a separation. Mr. Colman disposed of his share, and retired in December of the same year.

* From this publication, we select the following extract, as containing a complete and satisfactory refutation of the charge.

"I have mentioned, that Lord Bath considered me as his second son; and, indeed, his avowed partiality for me induced many persons, not intimately acquainted with the history of the family, to think me really so, and consequently to report it as a fact. Not to dwell on the grossness of the supposition, implying a criminal intercourse between his lordship and his wife's sister, there were certain *physical impossibilities* in the case. My mother went over to my father, who was resident at Florence, *four or five years before I was born*. Mr. Pulteney and his family were *in England*. I had a sister born two years before me; so that neither of us, natives of Florence, could derive our origin from my mother's brother-in-law, considering the unfortunate intervention of the Alps and the Mediterranean. We had, indeed, each of us the honour of a royal godfather, and godmother, as children of a British plenipotentiary, from whom we took our several names of George and Caroline."

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Certain events, which it is not necessary here to detail, having determined the celebrated Mr. Foote to withdraw himself from the government of the summer theatre in the Haymarket, Mr. Colman succeeded to the property, in consideration of a considerable annuity, which Mr. Foote, however, did not long continue to enjoy. On his death, in October 1777, the licence was granted to Mr. Colman.

Thus far we have traced the history of the father, as intimately connected with the fortunes and literary career of the son. We now revert to the more immediate consideration of the latter.

Mr. GEORGE COLMAN, *junior*, (as he might, with strict propriety, be styled during the life of his father;—but “*cessante causa, cessat effectus*,”) was born in London, in the year 1762. He received the first rudiments of his education at the Rev. Mr. Fountain’s academy, in Marybone, a seminary now no longer in existence; but which, at that time, stood in high repute, and had, among other characters of eminence, the great name of Fox on the list of its pupils. From Mr. Fountain’s, our author was removed to Westminster School, where he distinguished himself by his rapid progress. He was next entered on the books of Christ’s College, Oxford; but for reasons which we are not fully in possession of, did not complete his studies at this place. George was always remarkable for his vivacity; and probably some of his youthful sallies might suggest to his father the expediency of introducing him to a new set of acquaintance. He was accordingly sent to King’s College, Old Aberdeen.

Having finished his studies, he returned to London with a mind highly polished, a taste classical and refined. To great natural powers, he joined scholastic acquirements equally respectable. In the formation of his intellect, Nature had dealt extremely bountifully towards him; and

judicious culture had warmly seconded the efforts of her pre-disposing hand. Impregnated by Nature with the seeds of excellence, the soil was equally enriched, matured, and its produce brought to perfection by the fosterage of Art.

If we are rightly informed, our author was originally destined for the bar; but with such gay propensities as young Colman possessed, and with those peculiar opportunities of indulging those propensities which his father's situation, as proprietor and manager of a theatre, held forth, it is not to be wondered at, that he should prefer the pleasures of fashionable life to the dull routine of business. He commenced his literary career, at the age of 22, with the comic opera of *Two to One*, which was brought out at the Haymarket theatre in the year 1784, and very favourably received. That this piece is strongly tinctured with puerility and extravagance, we pretend not to deny; but it displays, at the same time, a vein of humour, and a spirit of originality, far above the ordinary scale. The success which attended his first production, naturally stimulated him to further exertion; and though he occasionally betrays an unwarrantable degree of negligence and indifference to his own fame, yet must we do him the justice to observe, that his writings, in the aggregate, entitle him to the precedence over all his co-temporary dramatists. The following is a correct list of his numerous productions, given in the order as they successively appeared.

Two to One, a musical comedy, in three acts—Haymarket, 1784.

Turk and no Turk, opera, in three acts—Haymarket, 1785.

**Incle and Yarico*, opera, in three acts—Haymarket, 1787.

**Ways and Means*, comedy, three acts—Haymarket, 1788.

Battle of Hexham, musical drama, three acts, Haymarket, 1789.

Surrender of Calais, musical drama, three acts—Haymarket, 1791.

**The Mountaineers*, musical drama, three acts—Haymarket, 1793.

New

New Hay at the Old Market; or Sylvester Daggerwood, an interlude in one act—Haymarket, 1795.

**The Iron Chest, a musical drama, in three acts—Drury Lane, 1796.*

The Heir at Law, comedy, five acts—Haymarket, 1796.

Blue Devils, interlude, one act, from the French—Haymarket, 1798.

**Blue Beard, dramatic romance, in two acts—Drury Lane, 1798.*

**Feudal Times, dramatic romance, in two acts—Drury Lane, 1799.*

The Review; or The Wags of Windsor, musical entertainment, in two acts—Haymarket, 1800.

The Poor Gentleman, comedy, in five acts—Covent Garden, 1801.

N. B. The plays, &c. marked with an asterisk, are the only ones that have been published, with the exception of spurious and pirated editions.

To enter into an *individual* analysis of the merits of Mr. Colman's dramatic writings, would involve a length of disquisition far beyond the limits necessarily prescribed to this department of our work. Suffice it, therefore, to observe, in general terms, that his light and comic effusions are distinguished by a vein of pleasantry and humour, which blinds the judgment to their extravagance, and never misses the author's aim of exciting the risible propensities; whilst his graver compositions, on the other hand, partake of all the majesty and vigour of the old school. His *Mountaineers, Surrender of Calais, &c.* abound in passages, which the most approved of our veteran dramatists might be proud to challenge for their own. Nay, even his *Iron Chest*; (notwithstanding the loud and general outcry raised against it, and, what we consider of still greater moment and importance, notwithstanding its *radical* and *inherent* defects; its very *constitutional* imperfections) is, in point of diction, sentiment, elevation of mind, and dignity of character, a drama infinitely superior to any play, which the muse of a M—, a R—, or a D—, is capable of producing. It boasts a variety of *traits* and touches, alter-

nately vigorous and delicate, which bespeak the hand of a consummate master.

Having had occasion to glance at the *Iron Chest*, it is impossible for us to pass over in silence a train of events, to which the production of this drama gave birth. Mr. Colman conceiving that the failure of his play was in a great measure attributable to sinister practices, on the part of Mr. Kemble, commenced a furious paper-war against that gentleman, whom he attacked with fierce and ungovernable wrath in his *preface*. Mr. Kemble, to his honour, instead of widening the breach by reply, maintained a dignified silence. But a certain vain, officious, and pragmatalical intermeddler*, stimulated at once with the thirst of revenge,

* The *whipper-snapper* here alluded to, is the editor of that *neat* and well-printed work, the *Monthly Mirror*;—a work, in which Mr. COLMAN (the editor's wife not having, at that time, a *sinecure* engagement—See the former number of this work, page 31—at Mr. COLMAN's theatre) had, for a succession of months, the honour of being treated with the most virulent and unqualified abuse. The real cause and motives of all this Lilliputian fury, may be easily traced and defined. The editor, who is somewhat more than four feet high, had conceived a wonderful predilection for the stage. The line which he chalked out for himself was the *heroic*, in the adoption of which he was, no doubt, influenced by a due consideration of his *figure* and general appearance, which, to any intelligent observer, would proclaim him a member of the *gentle craft*. Like Phaëton, he scorned to move in a subordinate sphere. “*Neck or nothing*” was the word. He resolved to grasp at once at the pinnacle; to enter the Temple of Fame, not at the *porch*, but at the *top* of the building; and to burst on the astonished world with sudden and insufferable blaze. For this purpose, he pitched on the part of *Richard* for his *debut*, which took place under Mr. COLMAN's management, at the Haymarket Theatre.

By what means, and through what precise channel he succeeded in procuring an appearance, we have not been fully informed. But to judge from his own account of the economy of the Haymarket Theatre,

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revenge, and the hope of emerging, through the celebrity of the two parties engaged in the dispute, from that obscurity
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it should seem, that very little interest can be necessary to obtain an appearance on the boards of a stage*, “where the refuse of the winter houses is admitted, and in nightly exercise;”—and where† “it is of no consequence whatever, whether the company be good, or not.” This latter consideration may, probably, account for the recent engagement of a certain actress.—But to return to our *Lilliputian hero*.

Out, then, he came in *Richard*. The newspapers, through friendly interference, had blazoned his fame from Hyde-Park-Corner to Mile-End;—from the purlieus of St. Giles’s to the polished precincts of Wapping and Ratcliffe-Highway; and the play-bills for several days previous to his actual *debut*, had whetted the edge of public curiosity till it became keener than one of Packwood’s razors, by announcing, in large capital characters, so that “he that ran might read,” the part of *Richard*, by a young gentleman, being his first and only (whether the latter phrase is to be considered as prophetic, might, possibly, admit of serious enquiry) appearance on any stage. The house was in consequence crowded to its utmost capacity, and big expectation sat on every brow to witness the mighty wonder.

And now the curtain draws up,—and now the conquering hero comes!—amidst shouts, no doubt, of wonder and applause!—amidst shouts, indeed, and shouts of wonder too! But wonder of a very different cast from that which had been anticipated. How did the galleries roar! What mingled bursts of laughter and of groans, when they beheld the mountain teem and bring forth a mouse! Some mistook him for one of the young princes; others, for a dwarf or zany in armor. To heighten the caricature, and increase the ridicule of the scene, Barrymore personated *Richmond* that evening. This produced an effect irresistibly farcical and ludicrous. *Richard* scarcely reached his doublet; the contrast, therefore, gave occasion to the wags to compare him to that redoubted hero *Tom Thumb*, eyeing the giant *Grumbo*; or to a *Lilliputian* encountering one of the inhabitants of *Brobdingnag*.

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* *Monthly Mirror*, Vol. III. page 301.

† *Monthly Mirror*, Vol. IV. page 53.

to which his native insignificance and imbecility must ever consign him, was determined, that the quarrel should not die a natural death. Pertly, therefore, stepping forward, as the self-appointed champion of Mr. Kemble, he took up the cudgels with all the ferocity of a prize-fighter, and solely bent on widening that breach, which a benevolent mind would rather have endeavoured to compromise and heal, pressed into his service every epithet of rank ribaldry, of gross invective, and personal abuse, which malice, spleen and *disappointment* could possibly marshal and suggest. Nay, to such an excess of fury did his vindictive spirit transport him; so totally was he lost to all sense of decency and shame, that in the intemperance of his zeal, he

And when, at the close of the play, Barrymore, as the representative of *Richmond*, with colossal step bestrides his fallen enemy, and compassionately exclaims, "Alas! poor *Richard*!" he might be said to clap an *extinguisher* upon him. The audience took this exclamation as the watch-word of dissolution, and howled a *requiem* to the accompaniment of hisses, groans, and vociferous laughter, to the *manes* of the departed actor.

This untimely murder terminated our hero's professional career. But, instead of attributing his discomfiture to its proper cause, and tranquilly resigning himself to his fate, he very unjustly transferred his resentment from his judges to the manager; and because it was not in Mr. COLMAN's power to make him either a *decent* performer, or to "*add one cubit to his stature*," he from that moment conceived the most implacable hatred towards that gentleman, whom he has not ceased to bespatter and grossly to abuse, till a regard to his own interest, and mercenary views have at length suggested to him the necessity of holding his peace. To pardon injury; to forgive insult,—nay, more, to *confer* favours, and befriend the man, who libelled him, is, on the part of Mr. COLMAN, a magnanimous act, and bespeaks a noble mind. But in how far it accords with a *spirit of high feeling*, to *accept* of favours under such circumstances, and to have a wife under a *sinecure* engagement, is a question of very different import, and of highly problematical solution.

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even descended to illiberals, which equally applied to his own *personal* characteristics; and in his puny witticisms, forgetting his own diminutive proportions, affected to ridicule Mr. COLMAN, under the description of a “*little, priggish, dusky man;*”—a “*glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical knave.*” Well might the writers of the *English Review*, in their criticism on his work, observe, that “*a little pot is soon hot!*” Well might the editor of the *Analytic Review* declare, that it was “difficult to say, which had the advantage in the use of the weapons of personal abuse, Mr. COLMAN, or this meddling advocate for Mr. Kemble.” For Mr. COLMAN, much as we disapprove of his asperity, some apology may be made. He conceived himself injured by the man whom he attacked, and he conducted that attack boldly, and like a man, with his name prefixed and openly avowed to his publication. His *waspish* detractor, on the other hand, waged *covert* warfare, fought *in disguise*, and availed himself of the safeguard of *anonymous* combat. Mr. COLMAN resented an alledged and specific injury; his libeller officiously took part in a dispute, in which he was, in no wise concerned, and made the attack on Mr. Kemble a pretext for disgorging his own spleen, malice, and disappointment. Mr. COLMAN acted from sudden and momentary impulse; his calumniator cannot plead the same excuse in extenuation for his conduct. He persisted in his malversation month after month; heaped filth on filth, and only abstained from the perpetuation of his offence, when he found it his interest to recant.

But let us drop this ungracious subject;—it pains us to speak harshly of any man, even of the most culpable and guilty.—We detest vice, and we pity error; but we would rather *reform* than *punish*;—we would rather correct with mildness, than reprobate with severity. The breach between Mr. Colman and Mr. Kemble has been happily healed;

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we wish not to resuscitate past differences; to revive recollections that must be painful. Our only motive for glancing even thus slightly at this dispute, has been a laudable desire to exhibit the conduct of all parties in its true light; to expose the workings of *smothered* and concealed malice; and to furnish a criterion (which we flatter ourselves we have done in the subjoined note) by which the reader and the public at large may form an estimate, of the credit due to the assertions of an *anonymous libeller*—to the verdict of a *corrupt and partial tribunal*.

Return we now to Mr. Colman's professional career. In consequence of a very afflicting visitation, the peculiar nature of which the public are already sufficiently in possession of, the elder Colman was, in the year 1789, under the necessity of resigning the managerial sceptre to the *regency* of his son, then not more than twenty-seven years of age. Mr. Colman continued to exercise his *deputed* authority, with equal credit to himself, and advantage to the concern, till the death of his parent in 1795, when he mounted the theatrical throne in his own right, having purchased the entire property. Notwithstanding the encroachments made on his short summer campaign by the winter houses, which by their *protracted* performance deprive him of nearly *one third* of his season, (the licence, under which the Hay-market company acts, extending only from the 15th of May to the 16th of September, and Drury Lane as well as Covent Garden continuing open till the middle of June) Mr. Colman, by his judicious management and the active co-operation of his dramatic muse, has not failed to render the undertaking a profitable concern. As manager, he has on all occasions discharged his duty to the public with fidelity and honour, and the liberality with which he conducts himself towards his performers, has justly conciliated the affection and esteem of the whole company. It is with
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the management of a theatre, as with all other situations of trust, responsibility and power. The disappointed—and Jove himself is not able to please all!—will seldom attribute their want of success to their own demerits; but rather look for the cause in some latent partiality, or sinister influence, on the part of others. Few, indeed, but will proceed a step further, and seek consolation for their chagrin by calumniating the supposed author of their mis-carriage. Hence detractors have not been wanting, who have attempted to render Mr. COLMAN unpopular, by accusing him of a spirit of mean and sordid jealousy, which seeks to raise his own importance by crushing the efforts of rival genius. To rebut this charge, it is only necessary to refer to the list of new theatrical productions, brought forward, since Mr. Colman's acceptance of the management, from which it will appear, that with all his acknowledged superiority of talent, and approved success, he has, so far from *monopolizing* the theatre, not taken even his *tythes*. Indeed, the candid and judicious critic, instead of condemning him for what he *has* atchieved, will rather feel inclined to censure him for not having done *more*. To draw a comparison between Mr. Colman's productions, and the general character of the dramas of the present day, would be a very ungracious office, and little satisfactory to the feelings of the major part of our modern play-wrights. The generality of our dramatists found their pretensions and hope of success solely on a mechanical knowledge of trickery and stage-effect. Mr. Colman with equal, if not greater experience, in these points, possesses a genuine fund of native wit, a classical taste, and a creative fancy.

In private life he is distinguished by a spirit of gaiety, which seldom forsakes him even in the midst of difficulties and embarrassments. Of these, indeed, Mr. COLMAN has had his full share. That cold negative virtue, denominated prudence;

prudence;—a virtue, in which men of selfish habits and dull feelings most abound, does not enter into the catalogue of Mr. COLMAN's characteristics. Replete with generous warmth, and carried along by an ardent imagination, he arrests opportunity by the fore-lock; seizes on the enjoyment of the moment, and leaves it to plodding insensibility to dash with gall the cup of pleasure, by anticipating the future, or brooding over the past. He married, at a very early age, a Miss MORRIS, a young lady attached to his father's company, and who has been represented to us as a very promising actress. The marriage was, strictly speaking, a love-match, and we believe, contrary to his father's wishes; but the alliance has not proved auspicious. With this, however, the public have no right of interference. Neither the gallantries, nor the domestic economy of our author, fall within the jurisdiction of criticism. On this subject, therefore, we shall only add, that in scanning the character and actions of his fellow-men, a liberal observer will make due allowance, not only for the general frailty of human nature, but for the peculiar circumstances of the individual immediately involved in the enquiry. Men of ardent minds, of elegant taste, and exuberant fancy, are not to be fettered and restricted by the trammels of ordinary discipline. The dull phlegmatic drone, whose whole soul is absorbed in the love of *self*, and the sordid passion of *gain*, may walk through life with circumspect and measured steps. Not possessing a heart susceptible to *female* charms, he is not exposed to temptation, and consequently there is no merit in his abstinence. But the man of genius stands before us in a very different predicament. Feelingly alive to all the finer sensations, he is formed of combustible materials, which catch the smallest spark, and kindle into flame. Beauty is his elemental principle—it is at that shrine he sacrifices—it is from Love's altar, that he catches

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the flame of inspiration—of poetic rapture and delight! As soon could his animal frame subsist without corporeal nourishment, as his Muse, without its congenial aliment—the *sex*! This he claims as his inalienable and imprescriptible right. *His* converse with the *sex* is not to be placed on the same footing with that of the grosser herd. Whilst he feasts the common appetite of sense, he at the same time polishes and refines his mind—qualifies it for high intellectual exertion, and harmonizes all his feelings to the perceptions of elegance and taste. Prudes may censure, and hypocrites condemn; but independant of his own approval, he boasts the sanction of the most enlightened philosophers; of the virtuous and the good in all ages. Socrates panted on the bosom of Aspasia!—Catullus drank inspiration from the eyes of his Lesbia! Divines may preach, and grey-beards syllogize; but neither philosophy nor religion will ever succeed, (nor, indeed, is it befitting that they should succeed) in inculcating abstinence to the man, capable of enjoyment—neither will grace, with all its boasted powers, ever so far triumph over Nature, as to smother those workings, which are the natural result of sound organization! Of this we have sufficient and convincing proof even in the instance of Religionists themselves. Fanatics, who, after the example of Origen, have gloomily fancied, that rank and preferment in the upper regions are only to be purchased by rigid abstinence, and virgin chastity, have from a conviction of the inefficacy of grace in this respect, been reduced to the necessity of precluding temptation, by checking desire at the fountain-head, and “making themselves eunuchs, for the kingdom of heaven’s sake!”

We have indulged in this digression, not from a *pru-*
riency of imagination; but from a sense of its justice, as applicable to the subject of our present memoir, as well to the

conduct of public characters in general. We shall now conclude our biographical sketch of Mr. Colman with observing; that, independant of his dramatic writings, as stated in the list given in a former part of our narrative, he is the author of a variety of poetical productions, consisting of prologues, epilogues, songs, &c. which have been occasionally introduced on the stage. But one of his best compositions, in this line, is unquestionably his "*Night-Gown and Slippers; or Tales in Verse, written in an elbow-chair.*" These tales were originally intended to supply the place of dramatic entertainments at the Haymarket Theatre, during the dull season of Lent; but the fastidiousness of office interdicted their representation. They are of a nature truly ludicrous and whimsical. The first, in particular, is a well-pointed burlesque of Berger's *Leonora*, and in general of those silly hob-goblin tales, which have lately been transported from the *nursery* to the *stage*, and form, indeed, the staple commodity of our circulating-libraries. It may, without over-rating its merits, be termed a masterpiece in this line of composition.

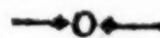
To sum up Mr. COLMAN's professional character in few words, whether we view him in the light of author, of proprietor, or of manager, he appears to equal advantage in each of these triple relations; and has by a series of honourable exertions, the evidence of which is before the public, approved himself fully qualified and competent to discharge the duties of the office, which he has so long held, (and which, we hope, he will long continue to hold,) with equal reputation to himself, and benefit to the lovers of the drama.

N. B. In our next, we shall present our readers with a portrait of Mr. COLMAN.—Our original intention was to have given it in the present number; but the gentleman, who favours us with the picture,
being

being out of town till within these few days, the engraver has not had time to execute the plate.

* * * Several of our readers having testified their approbation of the alterations made in the complexion of our work, especially by the introduction of our *biographical* department, the editor feels peculiar satisfaction in informing them, that on the list of living public characters, intended for speedy insertion, are the names of Mr. HARRIS, Mr. LEWIS, Mr. RICHARDSON, Mr. KEMBLE; &c. whose memoirs will be followed up by those of various other persons of distinguished celebrity in the literary and dramatic world.

THEATRICAL RETROSPECT.



THEATRE-ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

SUCCESS still continues to flow, with unabated tide, in favour of the Summer Theatre. Persevering in the same system, on which we commented in our last, the manager has, (with the exception of two or three new engagements, which, in our humble opinion, might have been dispensed with) approved himself very economical in his arrangements. Indeed, he has, in certain respects, been more parsimonious than we could have wished; particularly in the line of *novelties*. Only *two* new pieces have been brought forward, in the course of the present season:—1. The musical entertainment of the *Gipsy Prince*, which we noticed in our last, and 2. The pantomime of the *Corsair*, the merits of which we shall anon proceed to investigate. As far as the finances of the theatre might require thrift and retrenchment, we commend the manager

on

on the score of prudence; yet still firmly are we persuaded, that the expence incurred by unnecessary and *preposterous* engagements—we refrain, through motives of delicacy, from wounding the feelings of individuals by specifying the names of the parties alluded to—would, if judiciously applied, have been more than adequate to defray the charges incidental on the production of a new drama. A new play, from the pen of Mr. PRINCE HOARE was long talked of, and generally expected.—Mr. ALLINGHAM, the author of *Fortune's Frolic* (which by the bye, turned out no unfortunate frolic to the theatre, and gave the manager greater cause to laugh than his *last farce*) has to our knowledge volunteered a three-act piece, of which report speaks highly. And more than all, Mr. COLMAN's muse was understood to have been put in a state of requisition. Yet with none of these fair and promising fruits has the town been regaled. Only *two* new dishes, and those but mere trash and garbage, have been served up. Several *stale* articles, indeed, have been cooked over again, and offered as *revivals*; but they palled upon the public palate, at the first taste, and, instead of provoking the appetite, excited only *nausea* and disgust. At the head of these, we justly place Mr. HOLMAN's sacrilegious mutilation of SCHILLER's *Robbers*, which this *dramatic carcase-butcher* has cut and hacked into a lump of deformity, 'yclep'd the *Red-Cross Knights*. Another wanton and merciless disfigurement of *original* beauty, and, next to Mr. HOLMAN's butchery, in point of distortion, is Mr. BOADEN's *Italian Monk*, in which Mrs. RADCLIFFE's symmetrical form is cruelly torn in pieces, limb by limb, till not one feature of the fair original is capable of being recognized.

Not, however, to dwell on harsh and disagreeable topics, we shall pass, from these preliminary strictures, to a recapitulation

recapitulation of the titles of the pieces performed on the different evenings of representation, which we shall follow up, as in our former number, with such remarks as suggest themselves to our consideration, from a general retrospect of the merits of the case.

1801.

JULY.

- Saturday, 25.* The Jew and the Doctor, *T. Dibdin*—The Gipsy Prince, *C. Moore*—The Review; or The Wags of Windsor, *G. Colman*.
- Monday, 27.* The Liar, *S. Foote*—The Gipsy Prince, *C. Moore*—Obi; or Three Finger'd Jack, *Fawcett*.
28. Fortune's Frolic, *Allingham*—The Gipsy Prince, *C. Moore*—The Review, &c. *Colman*.
29. The Flitch of Bacon, *H. Bate*—The Deaf Lover, *F. Pilon*—The Corsair; or Italian Nuptials, *Farley & Co.**
30. The Gipsy Prince, *C. Moore*—The Village Lawyer, *Macready*—The Corsair, &c.
31. The Gipsy Prince, *C. Moore*—The Deaf Lover, *F. Pilon*—The Corsair, &c.

AUGUST.

- Saturday,* 1. Sighs; or The Daughter, *P. Hoare*—The Corsair, &c.
- Monday,* 3. The Surrender of Calais, *G. Colman*—The Corsair, &c.
4. The Gipsy Prince, *C. Moore*—The Review, &c. *Colman*—The Corsair, &c.
5. The Heir at Law, *Colman*—The Corsair.
6. The Beggars' Opera, *Gay*—The Corsair, &c.
7. Lovers' Vows, *Mrs. Inchbald*—The Corsair, &c.
8. False and True, —The Corsair, &c.
- Monday,* 10. The London Hermit; or Rambles in Dorsetshire—*O'Keefe*—The Corsair, &c.
11. †The Italian Monk, *J. Boaden*—The Corsair, &c.
12. The Gipsy Prince, *C. Moore*—The Review, &c. *Colman*—The Corsair, &c.
13. The Road to Ruin, *T. Holcroft*—The Corsair, &c.

* By *Co.* we mean the painters, machinists, scene-shifters, &c.

† For the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston.

-
14. Abroad, and at Home, *J. G. Holman*—The Corsair, &c.
15. *The Iron Chest, *G. Colman*—The Agreeable Surprise,
O'Keefe.

- Monday,* 17. The Surrender of Calais, *G. Colman*—The Corsair, &c.
18. The Birth Day, *T. Dibdin*—The Gipsy Prince, *C. Moore*—The Review, &c. *Colman.*
19. The Young Quaker, *O'Keefe*—The Corsair, &c.
20. Abroad and at Home, *J. G. Holman*—The Review, &c.
Holman.
21. †Zorinski, *Morton*—The Review, &c. *Colman.*
22. The Heir at Law, *Colman*—Peeping Tom, *O'Keefe.*
Monday, 24. The Red-Cross Knight, *J. G. Holman*—The Agreeable Surprise, *O'Keefe.*

The first and only *novelty* that calls for our notice, is the pantomime of the *Corsair*; or the *Italian Nuptials*, invented, as we are told in the play-bills, by Mr. Farley; though, in fact, if there be any invention at all in the piece, the merit is to be shared equally with the scene-painters, machinists, &c. As far as show and noise contribute to render this species of entertainment attractive, the *Corsair* may put in its claim to applause. But, as a dramatic representation, it is infinitely inferior, not only to *Obi*, to *Raymond and Agnes*, and other productions of a similar description; but almost to any pantomime we have seen acted on a regular stage. With the exception of a few processions, dances, &c. the whole action of the story consists in tugging, dragging, and pulling about the poor unfortunate actress, (Mrs. Gibbs,) who personates the part of *Fiorita*. Unfortunate we call her, and with reason; for to undergo such a fatiguing course of pulling and dragging for hours together, in the *dog-days*, may well be deemed a

* For the benefit of Mr. Barrymore.

† For the benefit of Mr. J. Johnstone.

grievous hardship! But the most striking and ridiculous feature in the whole piece, is the appearance of a ghost, who stalks majestically about a room, mounts a staircase, then kicks it to the devil, and ascends to Heaven with a *ton-weight* at his heels! But it were preposterous to enter into a critical discussion of so absurd a performance. Instead of an analysis of the plot, we shall content ourselves with giving a general *prospectus* of the action.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Tomar</i> , (the Corsair,) - - - - -	Mr. H. Johnston.
<i>Gagliardo</i> , (the bridegroom,) - - - - -	Mr. Farley.
<i>Rugoso</i> , (father to <i>Fiorita</i> ,) - - - - -	Mr. Howell.
<i>Julio</i> ,	{ Master Menage.
<i>Frederico</i> ,	{ Master Lloyd.
<i>Aspetazzo</i> ,	{ Master Brooks.
<i>Leggiardro</i> ,	{ Master Jenkinson.
<i>Quieto</i> , (slave to the <i>Corsair</i> ,) - - - - -	Mr. J. Palmer.
<i>Fiorita</i> , (the bride,) - - - - -	Mrs. Gibbs.
<i>Spogliata</i> , - - - - -	Miss B. Menages.
	Corsairs, villagers, fishermen, &c.

The action commences with the representation of an Italian vintage, with a distant view of Mount Vesuvius—time, sun-rise. *Fiorita*, the bride, is discovered decorating a nuptial bower. *Rugoso*, her father, is employed in instructing his sons in warlike exercises. *Gagliardo* arrives and joins them with a rustic party. Mirth and rejoicing of the villagers;—the young couple drawn in triumph to church on the top of a barrel. Immediately on their departure, *Tomar*, the *Corsair*, makes his appearance, expresses his love for *Fiorita*, and forms the resolution to bear her away to his castle.

SCENE II. A sea-view, with *Tomar's* vessel lying at anchor. His castle in the distant perspective built on a rock. *Tomar* collects his crew together—makes known his

his designs on *Fiorita*—in the execution of which they bind themselves to assist him with a solemn oath. Their departure with the *Corsair* to accomplish their purpose.

SCENE III. View the same as in the first scene; but its effect varied by the setting sun. A village festival, dancing, &c. in honour of the nuptials. The party then conduct the married couple to *Rugoso*'s cottage. *Tomar* makes his re-appearance, and enters the house at the window.

SCENE IV. An apartment in *Rugoso*'s house. *Fiorita* retires to rest. *Rugoso* presents his son-in-law with his favourite sword.

SCENE V. Interior of the cottage. The *Corsair* having entered the window, creeps along the gallery in search of *Fiorita*, whom he surprises at her devotions. *Fiorita* gives the alarm—*Gagliardo*, accompanied by her father and her four brothers rush to her assistance; but in vain. They are over-powered by the crew of the *Corsair*, who carry off *Fiorita*.

SCENE VI. The sea—with *Tomar*'s vessel at anchor, as before. *Tomar* hurries *Fiorita* on board. *Gagliardo*, after a valourous but ineffectual resistance, is made prisoner by the *Corsair*, who shoots *Rugoso* through the heart.

SCENE VII. Interior of the cavern formed in the rock, on which the *Corsair*'s castle is built. *Tomar* enters, escorted by his crew, and dragging *Fiorita* and *Gagliardo*, whom they chain to different parts of the rock; leaving two of the crew to guard them. The lovers are rescued, and make their escape, through the good offices of *Quieto*, the *Corsair*'s black slave, who steals the keys of the dungeon, and kills the two centinels.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A romantic prospect, with part of a lake, and Mount Vesuvius. *Gagliardo*, *Fiorita*, and *Quieto*, having effected their escape, arrive at a fisherman's hut, where
they

they are hospitably entertained. Their meeting with *Julio*, *Fiorita*'s brother, who gives them an account of *Rugoso*'s death. The corsair overtakes them, murders one of the fishermen, and disguising himself in the fisherman's cloak, surprises the lovers. *Julio* endeavours to rescue his sister; but is seized by the corsair, and thrown down a precipice. *Fiorita* eludes her pursuer.

SCENE II. A landscape. Combat of *Gagliardo* and *Quieto* with the crew of the corsair. *Julio*'s information of the re-capture of *Fiorita*. Preparations for her rescue.

SCENE III. A mountainous view. *Fiorita* flying from her pursuers. Her deliverance by *Quieto* from two corsairs, who throw lots to decide which of them shall possess her.

SCENE IV. A rocky landscape. The corsair meets with *Fiorita*. Fierce encounter between *Tomar* and *Quieto*. *Quieto* overcome, and *Fiorita* re-captured.

SCENE V. Hills and water. *Gagliardo* and a parcel of fishermen prepare to recover *Fiorita*.

SCENE VI. A magnificent view of the interior of *Tomar*'s castle. Arrival of the corsair with *Fiorita*. Finding all persuasion ineffectual, *Tomar* offers violence to *Fiorita*, but is deterred from the attempt by the appearance of *Rugoso*'s ghost. *Tomar* follows the apparition, who ascends the stair-case. *Tomar* fires at the ghost:—instantly the stair-case falls in pieces, and precipitates *Tomar* to the bottom. At this critical moment *Gagliardo*'s party enter the castle, sword in hand. Death of the corsair, and reunion of *Gagliardo* and *Fiorita*.

We have already observed, that the chief, and (with the exception of the music,) the only recommendation the new pantomime possesses, consists in the scenery. This part of its merit, therefore, belongs not to Mr. Farley, but to the artists who planned and executed the paintings.

The designs were furnished by Mr. Whitmore, and executed conjointly by himself, and Messrs. Wilkins, Banks, &c. The overture is a neat, and, with respect to the action of the piece, appropriate composition. The same praise is due to the rest of the music, which does credit to the talents of Dr. Arnold. And here we cannot help expressing our regret, that in curtailing the piece, which in its original state was too long by upwards of an hour, the pruning knife should have been permitted to cut out a very pleasing duet between Mr. Trueman and Mr. Caulfield, in the character of *fishermen*, which, in fact, is the only air, in the whole pantomime that has the smallest pretensions to poetry. If, instead of suppressing this duet, the hero of the *pruning-knife* had lopped off two or three of the *pulling and tugging scenes*, he would, at the same time that he consulted the real interest of the piece, have rendered an essential service to Mrs. Gibbs, whose harrassing situation may well excite our pity.

With respect to the representation, next to Mrs. Gibbs, who is literally the burden of the piece, the chief weight rests avowedly with Mr. H. Johnston. His performance of *Tomar* is a bold and spirited delineation. Second in merit and in praise, is Mr. J. Palmer's *Quieto*. Farley's *Gagliardo* is in his customary style. If he discovers no striking beauties, on the one hand; neither does he strikingly offend, on the other. Young Menage, as *Julio*, puts in a strong claim to commendation. With the exception of contributing to the *pulling and tugging scenes*, *Rugoso* has chiefly to consult his own safety, and guard against

* In consequence of the omission of this *duet*, the names of these two performers have been withdrawn from the list of *Dramatis Personæ*.

accidents,

accidents, lest, lastly, he *catch fire**, and be consumed in his own flames, when he enacts the *ghost*. The rest of the *male* characters are unworthy of notice.

Among the *females*, Mrs. Gibbs takes the undisputed lead. How she is able to go through such a long and harassing series of rape and ravishment, is to us, we must candidly acknowledge, (notwithstanding our knowledge of her extraordinary qualifications,) matter of no small surprize. It is to be hoped, she takes especial care to wrap her body up in warm flannel, after the fatigue of the night is ended; for, doubtless, she must be in a *sweet* state of perspiration. As we justly remarked in our former Number, she is not a member of the *spare-rib* club ; and the violent exertion to which she is doomed, from beginning to end of the piece, must necessarily add to her *unctuosity*. We should not wonder, indeed, if it produced absolute *liquefaction*!

Miss Menage is brought forward, as *Spogliata*, for the purpose of dancing a hornpipe *à la Parisot*. She is a light and airy figure, and moves with peculiar agility,

* This is not a *suppositious* accident. It actually took place on one of the nights of representation, when the breeches of the poor unfortunate spectre caught fire, and half roasted his buttocks as he rushed upon the stage, to the no small diversion of the audience, who expected to be regaled with the novel *spectacle* of a *barbecued ghost*! Instead of "making night hideous," the ghost himself was completely panic-struck, and *turning tail* on the audience, marched back to his lurking-place, where he was obliged to undergo the ceremony of *ducking*! On the first representation of the new pantomime, the ghost made his appearance in a *bottle-green* suit, whence the wags took occasion to christen him by the name of the "*bottle-conjuror*!" He has since exchanged his *green* for a sky-blue habit, and now goes by the appellation of "*blue-devil*!" Another nick-name bestowed upon him is the "*stone-eater*!" from the circumstance of his sallying forth, or, as it is pretended, *eating his way* through a *stone pillar* in the hall of the *Corsair's* castle.

gracefulness,

gracefulness, and ease. Not once has the *Corsair* been performed, that Miss Menage has not been honoured with an *encore* in her dance. In this line she certainly appears to great advantage; but, as an *actress*, she is absolutely disgusting. She has neither voice nor manner; neither judgment nor expression. The vile leaven of affectation runs through her whole composition.

We resume now, our characteristic sketches of the performers, beginning our strictures with those, whom we were obliged to pass over in our last, for want of room.

MR. J. PALMER.

Knowing, as we do, the volatile description of this young performer, and acquainted with his pranks *off the stage*, it excites our no small astonishment, that, *on the boards*, he should exhibit himself so dull, insipid, and inanimate. The part of the *sable hero*, in the pantomime of *Obi*; or *Three-fingered Jack*, which he sustained last season, as the substitute for Mr. C. Kemble, and in which we thought him, to say the least, very respectable, has this season been transferred to Mr. H. Johnston. In its stead, Mr. J. Palmer succeeds to that gentleman's character, as *Anhalt*, in *Lovers' Vows*. But what a lamentable falling-off is here! *Anhalt*, in his hands, discovers neither the dignity of the *divine*; nor the impassioned warmth of the *lover*. This is a momentous drawback to the interest of the piece. Nor can we report more favourably of his *Harry Bertram*, (another of Mr. H. Johnston's parts) in the *Birth-Day*; or of his *Captain Ambush*, in the *Young Quaker*. His manner of delivery bears a greater affinity to that of a school-boy rehearsing his lesson, than to that species of declamation, which we expect from an actor. This is the more to be regretted, as his figure and juvenile appearance, in other respects, qualify him for the genteel and sentimental walk.

In,

In *Cambro Britons* he personated the *Bard*; but this part affords no scope for a display of talent.

We have already had occasion to remark, that Mr. J. Palmer appears to considerable advantage in pantomime-characters. In addition to what we have already advanced on this subject, in former Numbers of this work, we have to notice with peculiar pleasure, his performance of *Quieto*, in the *Corsair*. In this character Mr. J. Palmer puts in a strong claim upon our commendation, which we bestow with the greater alacrity, as we believe him to be really a deserving young man, possessing the capability of improvement, if he would but abstract himself more from gay courses, and attend more sedulously to the duties of his calling.

MR. POWELL.

This gentleman succeeds to the venerable Mr. AICKIN's *cast* of characters. Without any pretension to brilliancy of talents, Mr. AICKIN's professional qualifications were of that solid and practically useful nature, that his secession from the stage may justly be considered as a serious loss, and, perhaps, more difficult to be supplied, than that of performers, whose powers are far more dazzling. Making the requisite allowance for his years and less matured experience, Mr. Powell comes forward, with very fair claims, as his successor. He possesses a correct judgment, a justness of discrimination; and, in general, the facility of expressing his conception with correspondent dignity. Yet there are some of Mr. Aickin's *ancient* characters, in which Mr. Powell does not equal his prototype—neither, indeed, can it be expected. When *physical* circumstances second the efforts of art, a greater degree of excellence will be the natural result. There are characters in the drama, which are facilitated to the performer, as he advances

vances in years. Such, for instance, is *Lord Ogleby*, so admirably sustained by the veteran Mr. King, in the *Clandestine Marriage*. Such are many of Mr. Aickin's parts.

On the general estimate, however, Mr. Powell is a very able substitute for his predecessor. The list of parts, which he has this season sustained, *vice* Mr. Aickin, is respectable, and embraces *Stedfast*, in the *Heir at Law*; *John de Vienne*, in the *Surrender of Calais*; *Capt. Fitzharding*, in the *Iron Chest*; *Ansardo*, in the *Italian Monk*; and *Count La Desma*, in the *Red-Cross Knights*. At times, indeed, he falls off from that venerable cast of demeanour, which Mr. Aickin so uniformly displayed in his performances. But for this, we have already assigned a satisfactory reason. His intonation likewise, is frequently too powerful for the dimensions of the Haymarket Theatre.

To sum up Mr. Powell's *characteristics*, in a few words, we may justly describe him as a man of mind and cultivated intellect. His manners are distinguished by a spirit of urbanity, and unaffected politeness, which conciliates the friendship and esteem of all with whom he has any dealings, insomuch, that he commonly passes in the theatre by the appellation of GENTLEMAN POWELL, there being other persons of that name.

MISS TYRER.

As a *singer*, this lady may owe some obligations to the instructions of Mr. Kelly, whose pupil she is; but she possesses, independant of *musical* talent, (what she never can have derived from him,) no contemptible idea of *acting*. She discovers a vein of arch and comic humour, which bears some affinity to Mrs. Bland's manner, whom she likewise strongly resembles in her *personal* characteristics. She has performed the parts of *Kathlane*, in the *Poor Soldier*; *Winifred*, in *Cambro Britons*; *Winifred*, in *Zorinski*; *Fioresca*, in the *Italian Monk*, and other similar casts.

But

But the character in which she appears to the greatest advantage, is that of *Poppee*, in the *Gipsy Prince*. Here she evinced much capability, and was highly applauded in her spirited exertions; particularly in a whimsical duet which she sings with Fawcett. She is, beyond dispute, an actress of much promise; but her figure, which is at once shorter, and more corpulent than Mrs. Bland's, is greatly against her. However, as there is no obviating this species of defect, we shall not indulge in comment upon it; but express our sincere wish that she may experience due fosterage and encouragement, on the part of the public, in which case, there is little doubt of her success.

MR. BIANCHI.

Many of our readers doubtless recollect the time when this gentleman was attached to the Opera-House. For the last five years, he has been engaged as leader of the band at the Dublin Theatre, where he was universally respected and admired. After an absence of nearly six years from the metropolis, he made his re-appearance in public at the Haymarket on the 12th of August, by performing a *Grand Medley Concerto*, on the violin, in aid of Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston's benefit. With similar readiness to oblige his friends, he stepped forward a second time, August the 20th, on the night of Mr. J. Johnstone's benefit, and was deservedly received with the most flattering and merited applause.

As this gentleman is avowedly, both in point of science and execution, one of the first violin-performers of the age, our readers will naturally expect a more than cursory notice of his performance. The first quality which claims our observance, is the excellency of his tone; which is, as occasion requires, alternately powerful and commanding, or plaintively winning. His intonation is clear and perfect;

his

his stroke brilliant, though not rapid. At the end of his cadence, he introduced a double one, which had a delightful effect, and is accounted the greatest difficulty on the instrument.

The first movement, which was in four sharps, combined all the fire and execution of VIOTTI and GIORNOVICH. His performance of his *Adagio*, in which he introduced the beautiful air, "*In the dead of the Night*,"—was in a style perfectly novel, and strongly touched the feelings, whilst the exquisite simplicity of his graces drew down bursts of applause, not less from the *unlearned*, than from the *connoisseurs*. The last movement consisted of the well-known and popular Irish air, "*The Grinder*," and exhibited a pleasing contrast to the plaintive strains of the *Adagio*, which absolutely brought tears into the eyes of many a beauteous face. Throughout the whole of this movement, he might be said to have literally had MORTON's dramatic *bye-word*, "keep moving*" in his eye—for such rapid execution, such quick modulations as he displayed in the *minor*, we never witnessed before. It is superfluous to add, that his exertions were rewarded with tumultuous bursts of applause, which proclaimed the unsophisticated verdict of an admiring audience.

On the second night of Mr. Bianchi's performance, which, as already stated, was for the benefit of J. Johnstone, instead of the "*Dead of the Night*" Mr. B. introduced Mrs. Jordan's favourite air, entitled, *The blue Bell of Scotland*. The same excellencies, which we before commented upon, formed the characteristics of his performance this evening. We shall therefore not enter into an unnecessary recapitulation; but conclude our remarks, with

* See Morton's *Cure for the Heart-Ache*, in which Young Rapid is constantly exclaiming, "*Push on, keep moving.*"

observing

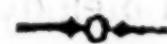
observing, that Mr. Bianchi is not to be ranked with the common herd of the profession. He is evidently a man of mind, of taste, and elegant fancy, and may, with respect to his manner, be said to have formed a style of his own. Instead of *fiddling*, he plays to the heart, and hence cannot fail to yield delight to all such as possess a feeling soul, and who can be charmed with the effusions of nature.

Since our last, several of the performers, whom we have already noticed, have sustained various new characters, the detail of which we reserve for our next. Thus Mr. Barrymore, for instance, has personated *Sir Edward Mortimer*, in the *Iron Chest*; *Schedoni*, in the *Italian Monk*, and *Zorinski*, in the play of that name. Mr. Fawcett has added *Adam Winterton* to his list; and Kelly has caricatured no less than three personages: viz. *Harcourt*, in *Abroad and at Home*; *Armstrong*, in the *Iron Chest*; and, above all, *Captain Macheath*, in the *Beggars' Opera*, which is a downright *perversion* of the author. Mrs. Litchfield still sticks to her *solitary* character of *Julia*, in the *Surrender of Calais*, which we the more wonder at, as we are told by her *husband*, in his lucubrations in the **Monthly Mirror*, that "Mrs. Litchfield has *more versatility* than any actress that ever trod the stage!" Again, that "in point of *voice*, there are few women so highly favoured as Mrs. Litch-

* See *Monthly Mirror*, Vol. IV. page 225. Scarcely know we, which most to marvel at, and reprobate—the *want of delicacy and modest sense*, on the part of a writer, who can *puff off his own wife* in so coarse and shameful a manner, were she even entitled to the *panegyrics* he heaps upon her!—or the *effrontery* and *infatuation* of that man, who can commit to the public eye such fulsome encomiums, which, from their known and open fallacy, must, in the effect, operate as a *burlesque* and *libel* on the person so egregiously misrepresented.

"field! Through every gradation of tone, it is *perfect!*
"Combining strength and melody, it is equal to any task,
"which the theatre can impose! It is suited to the firmness
"of declamation; the tenderness of pathos, and the burst
"of indignant passion. In short, it is a perfect *non-pareil!*"
How the manager will answer it to the public for the cul-
pable neglect he is guilty of, in suffering such transcen-
dant talents to rust and lie idle, (with the exception of one
solitary character,) throughout one entire season, we must
confess ourselves utterly at a loss to comprehend. But the
eyes of our readers are, no doubt, by this time, sufficiently
open to the *family politics* of the *Monthly Mirror.*

ORIGINAL POETRY:



LINES,

ON GATHERING MOSS,

From the monument dedicated by POPE, to the memory of his mother, in his garden* at Twickenham.

By JOHN TAYLOR Esq.

HAIL! gentle shade of him, whose filial love
 This shrine records amid the lonely grove,
 Where Nature, taught by thy creative mind,
 Rev'rent preserves whate'er thy taste design'd;
 While all around imparts a solemn grace,
 And thy own genius animates the place!
 No foe to virtue and the sacred Nine
 Comes with unhallow'd hand to touch thy shrine;
 But one, who fondly gleans, with awful care,
 The verdant honours Time has nurtur'd there;
 The precious relic emulous to guard,
 Pledge of the pious son, and moral bard!

* Lord MENDIP, the present proprietor of POPE's classic grounds, has manifested a laudable anxiety to preserve them, as far as practicable, in the exact state in which they were left by our immortal bard. But the destroying hand of Time boasts an irresistible sway, which nothing can control. Hence his LORDSHIP, after guarding with pious care the *Weeping Willow*, planted by our Poet, till

“ Its boughs were mossed with age,
 And high top bald with dry antiquity.”

has been compelled, in consequence of its rapid decay, to cause it to be cut down, and sawed into small pieces, which his LORDSHIP distributes, as presents, to such of his friends, as have a taste for the venerable relics of antiquity. This willow, the first of the kind ever seen in England, was brought over to this country from Spain, during the reign of GEORGE THE SECOND, as the enclosure of a present to Lady SUFFOLK. POPE, perceiving the appearance of vegetation in some of the sticks, resolved to make the experiment of propagating it.

REMONSTRANCE.

To MASTER G. COVENTRY,

ON HIS SHOOTING TWO YOUNG JAYS.

By Peter Pindar, Esq.

I.

Forbear, O thoughtless youth, forbear,
To swell the sigh, and force the tear;
The gooseberry, cherry, cluster'd vine
Were always *ours*, as well as *thine*.

II.

Is Nature in her bounty free?
For *us* she blooms, as well as *thee*:
For *us* she gilds with sun the grove,
And wakes the fond desires of love.

III.

Ah! cruel stripling! wouldest thou know
Whose hearts now bleed with tender woe?
Who pour these sad elegiac lays?
The PARENTS of the MURDER'D JAYS!

it. The attempt succeeded, and to this accident is this country indebted for the growth of this tree.

Ere we dismiss this subject, we cannot refrain from noticing, that his LORDSHIP, whose elegant taste is universally allowed, appears to have a *family-claim* to genius and polite literature. A favorite nephew of his LORDSHIP, Mr. G. ELLIS, has lately approved himself a worthy member of this accomplished family, by his classical work on *Old English Poetry*, in three volumes, a work, which, as well in reference to its own character, as in a national point of view, is justly entitled to the highest commendation.

SONG,

SONG,

To SYLVIA.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

I.

My heart, that all the joys possess'd,
Is now the haunt of care and pain;
Unseen, unheard, I roam unbliss'd,
And court the Syren hope in vain.

II.

The breeze of morn, that breath'd delight,
When Sylvia in her smiles was kind,
Now charms not in its wanton flight,
But seems a sighful, sullen wind.

III.

The streams, that sooth'd, when she was near,
And playful seem'd for us to flow;
In Fancy's tir'd and tuneless ear,
Resound, alas! with murmur'd woe.

IV.

Though weary of the world, these eyes
No longer wish the light to see;
Yet, let me not that world despise,
Which holds a beauteous maid like THEE!

ACROSTIC.

I.

Still, fair Clorinda! let me kneel,
And pay my vows at Beauty's shrine;
Relieve the pangs I'm doom'd to feel,
Ah! cheer me with a smile divine!

Hold

Hold out some kind consoling ray,
 Place Hope's fair signal in my view;
 Oh ! might I hear my charmer say,
 " Put doubts aside, I live for you."

III.

Pursue, who will, or wealth, or fame ;
 Love is my object, love my prize ;
 Encourage then thy lover's flame,
 With pity beaming in thine eyes.
 Enamour'd whilst I view thy charms,
 Let me upon thy breast recline ;
 Let me enfold thee in mine arms ;
 Dear angel ! let me call thee mine !

AMATOR.

TO INDIFFERENCE,

By Miss HEARD, of Drury Lane Theatre.

I.

Indifference ! oft thy magic pow'r I've woo'd
 To calm this anxious tortur'd breast ;
 Incessant for thy healing balm I've sued,
 To give my wounded spirit rest.

II.

But, ah ! in vain to thee my vows ascend ;
 No callous torpor didst thou e'er impart ;
 Oh ! deign at length thy votary to befriend,
 And touch with apathy this trembling heart.

III.

From Lethe's cup, in pity to my pain,
 One draught, one kind oblivious draught bestow ;
 My former peace assist me to regain,
 Nor let remembrance wake to scenes of woe.

Then

IV.

Then will I bless thy pow'r, and hail thy sway;
 Then bid to tenderness a long adieu;
 In thoughtless ease pass ev'ry coming day,
 And pleasure still shall open on my view.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Cease, ah! cease these transports vain;
 To fairer, nobler hopes aspire,
 Nor longer drag a tyrant's chain,
 Whilst willing nymphs—a num'rous train—
 With smiles pursue, and court thee to desire!
 Form'd each female heart to gain,
 What star malign controuls thy fate?
 She—the author of thy pains—
 She—thy passion who disdains—
 She the most despotic reigns.
 Abjure her sway, and give her hate for hate.

DRAMATIC AND LITERARY INTELLIGENCE,
FINE ARTS, &c.

The rival negotiations between the two theatres to procure the powerful aid of **Mrs. BILLINGTON**'s celebrity, have, at length, terminated in an amicable adjustment, by virtue of which she is to sing at both of the winter houses. At both theatres, likewise, we are told a new opera is to be produced for the purpose of exhibiting her musical talents to greater advantage. That at **Covent Garden** is to be written by **Mr. Cobb**; the music by **Reeve and Mazzinghi**. At **Drury Lane** a new opera, from the pen of **Mr. SHERIDAN**, is spoken of. We wish this intelligence may prove true. The name of **BIANCHI** has been mentioned, as the composer.

The

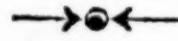
The author of the pleasing little ballad, of the *Beggar Girl*, sung by Mrs. Mountain, at the Haymarket Theatre, for her benefit, is Mr. JOHN WEST-BROOKE CHANDLER, who himself composed the music. This gentleman is already honourably known to the literary world, by his *Sir Hubert*, an *heroic ballad*, in eight cantos.

In consequence of the demise of Mr. Wild, Mr. Glassington, who filled that post at the Bath and Bristol Theatres, succeeds to the prompter-ship of Covent Garden.

Mr. H. BONE, Painter in enamel to his ROYAL HIGHNESS the PRINCE OF WALES, having by a series of unremitting exertions and laudable perseverance, succeeded in bringing that difficult branch of the art to perfection, it is with pleasure we see success attend his labours, and his talents patronized by the highest and most illustrious characters in the kingdom. Independant of a long list of commissions from the principal nobility and gentry, he has been honoured with the immediate notice and encouragement of the Royal Family. Mr. Bone has executed whole lengths of their Majesties, for the Prince of Wales, for whom he is likewise painting a copy from *Corregio*, of *Jupiter and Io*. The Earl of Suffolk has employed him upon a *Virgin and Child*, after *Barrocio*; and Mr. *Gala Hope*, on a *Venus*, and a *Danae*, after *Titian*. Two enamels of their Royal Highnesses, the Princesses *Mary* and *Amelia*, have been ordered by the Princess *Sophia*. In short, Mr. Bone has now his hands full of the very first line of business. This excellent artist has lately removed from Hanover Street to Berners Street.



We are again under the necessity of postponing the *Title Page* and *Index* to the fourth volume of the DRAMATIC CENSOR, till our next.



Erratum. Page 72, line 1, instead of *stroke*, read *shake*.